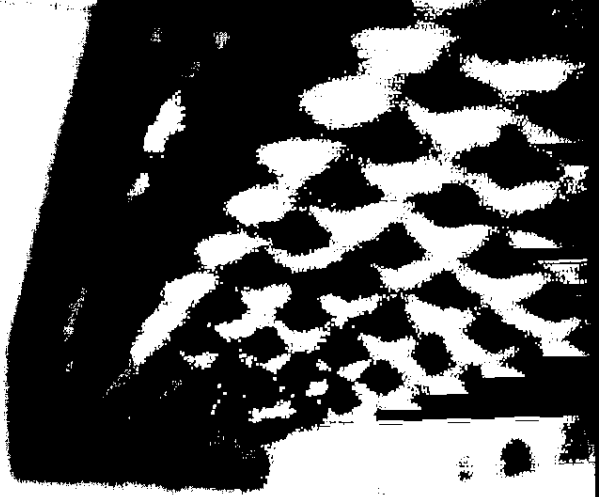
SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Cigarette Smoke Contains Carbon Monoxide.



Go ahead. It's on me.

Save $25 on Ticketmaster® tickets with Camel Cash.

I'm not just talkin' concerts. With these $25 gift certificates, you could save on tickets to just about any Ticketmaster event. And it only takes 100 Camel Cash C-Notes to get one. You can only find this deal in the Rockin' Road Trip Catalog, the latest from Camel Cash. To get it free, go to wherever you buy your smokes, or call 1-800-CAMEL-CASH. (That's 1-800-226-3522.)

CAMEL

GIFT CERTIFICATES ARE NONREFUNDABLE, NONTRANSFERABLE AND NOT REDEEMABLE FOR CASH

OFFER RESTRICTED TO SMOKERS 21 YEARS OF AGE OR OLDER.

TICKETS TO ANY EVENT SUBJECT TO AVAILABILITY. SEE CAMEL CASH ROCKIN' ROAD TRIP CATALOG FOR DETAILS

11 mg. "tar", 0.9 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

© 1996 R.J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.

2070496715

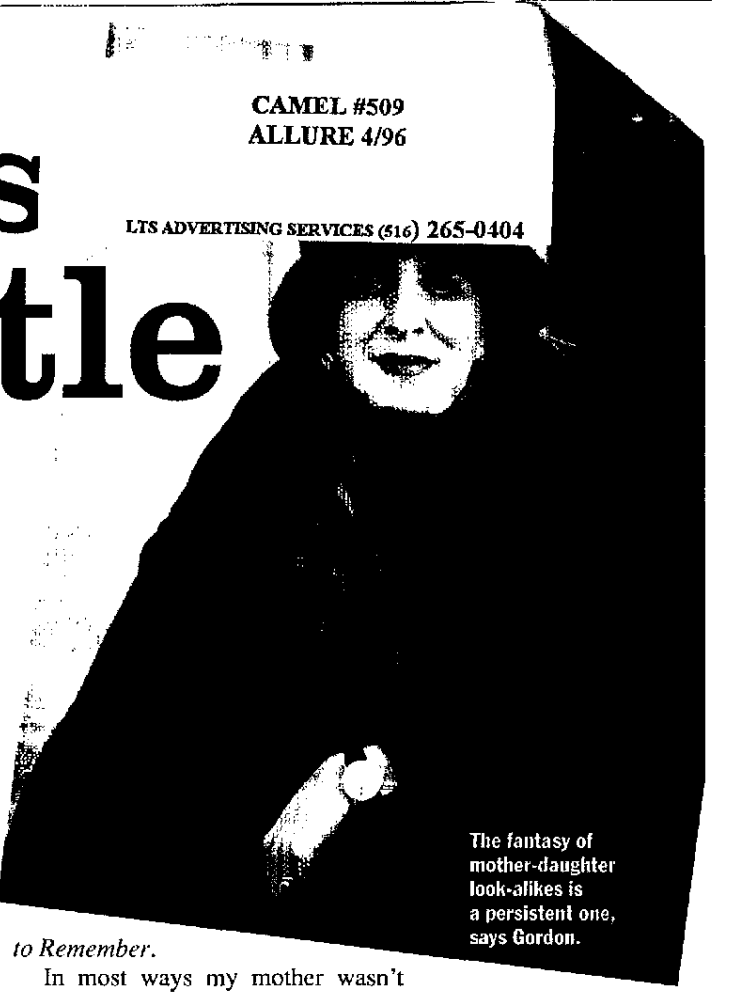
Source: https://www.industrydocuments.ucsf.edu/docs/tpln0004

CAMEL #509
ALLURE 4/96
LTS ADVERTISING SERVICES (516) 265-0404

Mother's Little Helper

BY MARY GORDON

What happens when a girl can't look to her mother's body to define herself?



The fantasy of mother-daughter look-alikes is a persistent one, says Gordon.

My 15-year-old daughter is polishing my toenails. It is a complicated ritual. She opens the cloth bag in which she keeps her many, many bottles; I can choose from a great array of shades, everything from petal pink to lime green and black. She can't tempt me with the wilder colors—I move between coral and deep red. I put my feet on the footrest in my study, and she goes to work. It's a reward she gives me occasionally, a moment of luxury and pampering. It's a moment I could never have had with my mother.

My mother contracted polio at the age of three. I was born when she was 41: a miracle birth, everyone said. No one ever expected that she would have a baby. She was watched carefully during her pregnancy; she was told from the beginning that she'd have to have a cesarean, her leg couldn't stand the strain. Of what, I wonder now. Of labor? My mother made a point of telling everyone how little she was allowed to eat during her pregnancy. She could gain only ten pounds. "Because of my leg," she said.

I had to look at my mother's body as a whole that was not exactly made up of the sum of its parts. King Lear says of women "but to the girdle do the gods inherit," and from the waist up, my mother was a lovely woman who could compete with anyone else's mother for the prize of fairest of them all. But below the waist, she was asymmetrical, misshapen; her legs and feet were something you wanted to avert your eyes from out of decency, or kindness, or good sense. I couldn't look at my mother's body and imagine it could give me any clues to my own. I couldn't measure myself against her and feel that there was anything that I had won or lost. And although I was proud of the way she looked when we went out—she dressed smartly, in Rosalind Russell suits and hats—I was anguished by the way she drew attention to her handicap: preempting sympathy with jokes about her body that seemed grotesque. I wished she'd be decorous and quiet about it, like Deborah Kerr in her wheelchair in *An Affair to Remember*.

In most ways my mother wasn't slowed down by her handicap. She had a more active and less circumscribed life than many women of her generation—particularly women who married early. She began working at the age of 18; she was one of those secretaries whose considerable intelligence allowed her to run an office. She had a lively network of women friends. Nevertheless, literal mobility created real problems for her. By the time I was born, she couldn't walk more than a block, and stairs were a monster that had to be faced down, mastered, and then cursed. She could never carry me. When I fell as a child, I knew my mother could never lift me up.

In one crucial way—the way of the physical—I always knew I was stronger than she. More able-bodied. The question I never asked, that I never knew was askable, was: More able to do what? This always seemed to me a question without limits, without borders, a useless question or a heartless one. The sense of being more able, of always being the ablest person in any room I am in, has been a determining element in my life, and has caused me to take a lopsided position in many relationships. I am hyperalert to injury, to weakness, to any infirmity caused not only by a physical malady but by such things as sadness or old age. I never imagine that anyone else is in charge, because for most of my life I had to look out for my mother on my own—my father died when I was seven. I'm still not convinced that without my constant attention the weak will not fall through the crust of the earth. Or have a boring time at a cocktail party.

My feelings of alienation or recoil from my mother's body were exaggerated because my mother was handicapped, but they seem to me simply an enlargement, a rearrangement of

JONATHAN BECKER; HAIR AND MAKEUP: KATE BEST

2070496716

Source: https://www.industrydocuments.ucsf.edu/docs/tpln0004